

PART I.

The master of the Sarah Jane had been missing for two days, and all on board, with the exception of the boy, whom nobody troubled about, were full of joy at the circumstance. Twice before had the skipper, whose habits might, perhaps, be best described as imegular, missed his ship, and word had gone forth that the third time would be the last. His berth was a good one, and the mate wanted it in place of his own, which was wanted by Ted Jones, A. B.

"Two hours more," said the mate, anxlously, to the men as they strod leaning against the side, "and I take the ship out." "Under two hours'll do it," said Ted. peering over the side and watching the water as it slowly rose over the mud. "What's got the old man I wonder?"

"I don't knew and I don't care," said the mate. "You chaps stay by me, and it'll be good for all of us. Mr. Pearson said distinctly the last time that if the skipper ever missed his ship again it would be his last trip in her, and he told me afore the old man that I wasn't to wait two minutes at any time, but to bring her out right away."

"He's an old fool," said Bill Loch, the other hand; "and nobody'll miss him but the boy, an' he's been looking reg'lar worried all the morning. He looked so worried at dinner time that I give 'im a kick to cheer him up a bit. Look at him now." The mate gave a supercilious glance in

the direction of the boy, and then turned away. The boy, who had no idea of courting observation, stowed himself away behind the windlass, and taking a letter from his pocket, perused it for the fourth time. "Dear Tommy"-it began-"I take my pen in 'and to inform you that Ime staying here and can't git away for the reason that I lorst mi close at cribage larst night, and my money, and everything beside. Don't speek to a living sole about it as the mate wants my birth, but pack up sum close and bring them to me without saying nuthing to noboddy. The mates clothes will do becos I haven't got enny other soot, don't tell 'im. You needen't trouble about soks as I've got them left. My hed is so bad I must now conclude. Your affectionate uncle and captin Joe Bross. P. S. Dont let the mate see you come, or else he wont

let you go."
"Two hours more!" sighed Tommy, as he put the letter back in his pocket. "How can I get any clothes when they're all locked up? And aunt said I was to look after 'im and see he didn't git into no mis-

He sat thinking deeply, and then as the erew of the Sarah Jane stepped ashore to take advantage of a glass offered by the mate, he crept down to the cabin again for another desperate look around. The only articles of clothing visible belonged to Mrs. Bross, who, up to this trip, had been sailing in the schooner to look after its mas-

rer. At these he gazed hard.

"I'll take 'em an' try an' swop 'em for some men's clothes," said he, suddenly, snatching the garments from the pegs.

"She wouldn't mind;" and hastily rolling them in a parcel together with a pair of carpet slippers of the captain's, he thrust the lot into an old biscuit bag. Then he shouldered his burden, and, going cautiously on deck, gained the shore, and set off at a trot to the address furnished in the letter. It was a long way, and the bag was heavy. His first attempt to barter was alarming, for the pawnbroker, who had just been cautioned by the police, was in such a severe and uncomfortable state of morals that the boy hastily snatched up his bundle again and left. Sorely troubled, he walked hastily along, until in a small by-street his glance fell upon a baker of mild and benevolent aspect standing behind the counter of his shop.

"If you please, sir," said Tommy, enter-ing and depositing his bag on the counter, "have you any cast-off clothes you don't The baker turned to a shelf, and, select-

ing a stale loaf, cut it in halves, one of which he placed before the boy. "I don't want bread," said Tommy, des-perately; "but mother has just died, and father wants mourning for the funeral. He's only got a new suit with him, and if he can't change these things of mother's for an old suit, he'll sell his best ones to bury her with."

He shook the articles out on the counter, and the baker's wife, who had just come into the shop, inspected them rather fa-"Poor boy, so you lost your mother!" she said, turning the clothes over. "It's a good skirt, Bill."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy, delefully. "What did she die of?" inquired the "Scarlet faver," said Tommy, tearfully,

mentioning the only disease he knew.
"Sear— Take them things away!" yelled the baker, pushing the clothes on the floor and following his wife to the other end of the shep. "Take 'em away, directly, you young villain!" His voice was so loud, his manner so

imperative, that the startled boy, without stopping to argue, stuffed the clothes pellmell into the bag again and departed. A farewell glance at the clock made him look almost as horrified as the baker. "There's no time to be lost," he muttered, as he began to run. "Either the old man'll

have to come in these, or else stay where He reached the house breathless, and

paused before an unshaven man in time-worn, greasy clothes, who was smoking a short clay pipe with much enjoyment in front of the door. "Is Capt. Bross here?" he panted.

"He's upstairs," said the man, with a



"Scarlet fever," said Tommy.

leer, "sitting in sackcloth and ashes-more ashes than sackcloth. Have you got some clothes for him?" "Look here," said Tommy. He was down on his knees, with the mouth of the bag open again, quite in the style of the prac-ticed hawker. "Give me an old suit of clothes for them. Hurry up! There's a lovely frock!" Blimey," said the man, staring, "I've

only got these clothes. Wot d'yer take me for? A dook?"
"Well, get me some somewhere," said Tommy. "If you don't the cap'n'll have to come in these, and I'm sure he won't like

"I wonder what he'd look like," said the man, with a grin. "Hang me if I don't come up and see."
"Get me some clothes," pleaded Tommy.

"I wouldn't get you clothes, no, not for fty pun," said the man, severely. "Wot d'yer mean wanting to spoil peo-

(Copyright, 1896, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller.) he ought to say something special over

He led the way up the bare wooden stairs, followed by the harassed boy, and entered a small, dirty room at the top, in the center of which the master of the Sarah Jane sat to deny visitors, in a pair

of socks and last week's paper.

"Here's a young gent come to bring you some clothes, c.p'n," said the man, taking the sack from the boy.

"Why didn't you come before?" growled the captain, who was reading the advertisements.

tisements.

The man put his hand in the sack, and pulled out the clothes,
"What do you think of 'em?" he asked,

expectantly.

The captain strove vainly to tell him, but his tongue mercifully forsook its office and dried between his lips. His brain rang with sentences of scorching iniquity, but they got no farther.

"Well, say thank you, if you can't say rething else," suggested his tormentor,

nopefully.
"I couldn't bring nothing else," said Tomnoy, hurriedly; "all the things was locked up. I tried to swop 'em and nearly got locked up for it. Put these on and hurry

rp."

The captain moistened his lips with his "The mate 'll get off directly she floats," continued Tommy. "Put these on and spoil his little game. It's raining a little now.

Nobody'll see you, and as soon as you git aboard you can borrow some of the men's clothes."

That's the ticket, cap'n," said the man.
"Lord, lumme, you'll 'ave everybody fallin'
in love with you."

"Hurry up," said Tommy, dancing with impatience. "Hurry up." The skipper, dazed and wild-eyed, stood still while his two assistants hastily dressed him, bickering somewhat about details as they did so.

"He ought to be tight-laced, I tell you," said the man.

"He can't be tight-laced without stays," said Tommy, scornfully. "You ought to know that" know that.'

"He, can't he?" said the other, discomfited.
"You know too much for a young 'un. Well,
put a bit o' line round 'im, then."
"We can't wait for a line," said Tommy, who was standing on tiptoe to tle the skip-per's bonnet on. "Now tle the scarf over his chin to hide his beard, and stitch this vell on. It's a good job he ain't got a mustache."
The other complied, and then fell back a pace or two to gaze at his handiwork. "Strewth, though I ses it as shouldn't, you look a treat," he remarked, complacently.

"Now, young 'un, take hold of his arm. Go up the back streets, and if you see anybody ooking at you, call him 'mar.' The two set off after the man, who was a corn realist, had tried to snatch a kiss from the skipper on the threshold. Fortunately for the success of the venture, it was pelt-

ing with rain, and though a few people gazed curiously at the couple as they went hastily along, they were unmolested, and gained the wharf in safety, arriving just in time to see the schooner shoving off from the side. At the sight the skipper held up his skirts and ran. "Ahoy!" he shouted. "Wait a minute."

The mate gave one look of blank astonishment at the extraordinary figure, and then turned away, but at that moment the stern came within jumping distance of the wharf, and uncle and rephew, moved with one impulse, leaped for it and gained the deck in "Why didn't you wait when I hailed you?"

demanded the skipper, fiercely.
"How was I to know it was you?" inquired the mate, surlily, as he realized his defeat. "I thought it was the Empress of Rooshia." pper started at him dumbly "An' if you take my advice," said the mate, with a sneer, "you'll keep them things on. I never see you look as well in any-

thing afore. "I want to borrow some o' your clothes,



Here's a young gent come to bring you some clothes, cap'n."

Bob," said the skipper, eying him steadily.
"Where's your own?" asked the other.
"I don't know," said the skipper. "I was
took with a fit last night, Bob, and when I woke up this morning they were gone. Somebody must have took advantage of my "Very likely," said the mate, turning away

to shout an order to the crew, who were busy setting sail. "Where are they, old man?" inquired the "How should I know?" asked the man,

ecoming interested in the men again.
"I mean your clothes," said the skipper, who was fast losing temper.

"Oh! mine?" said the mate. "Well, as a matter o' fact, I don't like lending my clothes. I'm rather pertickler. You might have a fit in them."

"You won't lend 'em to me?" asked the

skipper.
"I won't," said the mate, speaking loudly,

and frowing significantly at the crew, who were listening. "Very good," said the skipper. "Very good," said the skipper. "Ted, come here. Where's your other clothes?" "I'm very sorry, sir," said Ted, shifting uneasily from one leg to the other, and glancing at the mate for support, "but they ain't fit for the likes of you to wear, s'r."

"I'm the best judge of that," said the skipper, sharply. "Fetch 'em up."

"Well, to tell the truth, sir," said Ted, "I'm like the mate. I'm only a poor sailor man, but I wouldn't lend my clothes to the

queen of England." "You fetch them clothes," roared the skipper, snatching off his bonnet and flinging it on the deck. "Fetch 'em up at once. D'ye think I'm going about in these petti-

"They're my clothes," muttered Ted, dog-

"Very well, then, I'll have Bill's," said the "Very well, then, I'll have Bill's," said the skipper. "But mind you, my lad, I'll make you pay for this afore I've done with you. Bill's the only honest man aboard this ship. Gim'me your hand, Bill, old man." "I'm with them two," said Bill, gruffly,

as he turned away.

The skipper, biting his lips with fury, turned from one to the other, and then with a big oath walked forward. Before he could reach the foc'sle Bill and Ted dived down before him, and by the time he had descended sat on their chests side by side confronting him. To threats and appeals alike they turned a deaf car, and the frantic skipper was compelled at last to go on deck again, still incumbered with the hated

PART II.

"Why don't you go an' lay down," said the mate, "an' I'll send you down a nice cup o' hot tea. You'll get histericks if you go on like that."

"I'll knock your 'ead off if you talk to me," said the skipper. "Not you," said the mate cheerfully: "you

ain't big enough. Look at that pore fellow over there."

The skipper looked in the direction indicated, and, swelling with impotent rage, shook his first fiercely at a red-faced man with gray whiskers who was wafting innumerable tender kisses from the bridge of

passing steamer.
"That's right," said the mate, approvingly; "don't give 'im no encouragement. Love at first sight ain't worth having." The skipper, suffering severely from sup-pressed emotion, went below, and the crew, after waiting a little while to make sure "Wot d'yer mean wanting to spoil peo-ple's pleasure in that way? Come on, come and tell cap'n what you've got for 'im; I want to 'ear what he ses. He's been swear-ing 'ard since ten o'clock this mor-ing, but "If we can only take him to Battlesea in

this rig, it'll be all right," said the latter.
"You chaps stand by me. His slippers and sou wester is the only clothes he's got aboard. Chuck every needle you can lay your hands on overboard, or else he'll git trying to make a suit out of a piece of old

aboard. Chuck every needle you can say your hands on overboard, or else he'll sit trying to make a suit out of a piece of old sail or something. If we can only take him to Mr. Pearson like this, it won't be so bad, after all."

While these arrangements were in hand above the skipper and the boy were by with others below. Various startling schemes propounded by the skipper for obtaining possession of his men's attire were rejected by the youth as unlawful, and, what was worse, impracticable. For a couple of hours they discussed ways and means, but only ended in distribes against the mean ways of the crew, and the skipper, whose head ached still from his excesses, fell into a state of sullen despair at length and sat silent.

"By jove, Tommy, I've got it!" he cried, suddenly starting up and hitting the table with his fist. "Where's your other suit?"

"That ain't no bigger than this one," said Tommy.

"You git it out" said the skipper, with

'You git it out," said the skipper, with a knowing toss of his head. "Ah, there we are! Now go to my state room and take those off."

The wondering Tommy, who thought that great grief had turned his kinsman's

brain, complied, and emerged shortly after-ward in a blanket, bringing his clothes under his arm. "Now, do you know what I'm going to do?" inquired the skipper, with a big smile.

"Fetch me the scissors, then. Now, do you know what I'm going to do?"
"Cut up the two suits and make 'em into one," hazarded the horror-stricken Tommy.
"Here, stop it! Leave off!" The skipper pushed him impatiently off, and laying the clothes on the table took up the scissors and, with a few slashing strokes, cut the garments into their com-

"What am I to wear?" said Tommy, be-ginning to blubber. "You didn't think of "What are you to wear, you selfish young pig," said the skipper, sternly. "Alway thinking about yourself. Go and git som needles and thread, and if there's any left over and you're a good boy I'll see whether can make something for you out of the

"There ain't no needles here," whined

fommy, after a lengthy search. "Go down the foc'sle and git the case of sailmakers' needles, then," said the skipper. "Don't let any one see what you're after—and some thread." Well, why couldn't you let me go in my



You see what comes of drink and cards."

"I don't like going up in this blanket. They'll laugh at me. "You go at once!" thundered the skip-per, and, turning his back on him, whistled softly, and began to arrange the pieces of cloth.
"Laugh away, my lads," he said, cheer-

fully, as an uproarious burst of laughter greeted the appearance of Tommy on deck. "Wait a bit." He waited himself for nearly twenty minutes, at the end of which time Tommy, freading on his blanket, came flying down the companion ladder and rolled into the

"There ain't a needle aboard the ship," he said, solemnly, as he picked himself up and rubbed his head. "I've looked verywhere."
"What?" roared the skipper, hastily concealing the pieces of cloth.

Ay, ay, sir!" said Ted, as he came he "I want a sailmaker's needle," said the skipper, glibly. "I've got a rent in this skirt." "I've broke the last one yesterday," said Ted, with an evil grin.

"Any other needle, then?" said the skipper, trying to conceal his emotion.
"I don't believe there's such a thing aboard the ship," said Ted, who had obeyed the mate's thoughtful injunction. "Nor thread. I was only saying so to the mate

The skipper sank again to the lowest depth, waved him away, and then getting on a corner of a locker fell into a gloomy "It's a pity you do things in such a hur-ry," said Tommy, sniffing vindictively. "You might have made sure of the needle

before you speiled my clothes. There's two The master of the Sarah Jane allowed this insolence to pass unheeded. It is in moments of deep distress that the mind of man, naturally reverting to solemn things, seeks to improve the occasion by a lectur The skipper, chastened by suffering and disappointment, stuck his right hand in his pocket, after a lengthened search for it, and gently bidding the blanketed urchin in

front of him to sit down, began: "You see what comes of drink and cards," he said, mournfully. "Instead of being at the helm of my ship, racing all the other crafts down the river, I'm skulking down here like—like—"

"Like an actress," suggested Tommy.
The skipper eyed him all over. Tommy,
unconscicus of offense, met his gaze se-

continued the skipper, "at any time you felt like taking too much, and you stopped with the beer mug half way to your lips, and thought of me sitting in this disgraceful state, what would you do?" "I dunno," replied Tommy, yawning.
"What would you do?" persisted the skiper, with great expression

"Laugh, I s'pose," said Tommy, after a noment's thought. The sound of a well-boxed ear ran through the cabin. "You're an unratural, ungrateful little toad," said the skipper, fiercely. "You don't deserve to have a good, kind uncle to look after you."
"Anybody can have him for me," sobbed the indignant Tommy, as he tenderly felt his ear. "You look a precious sight more

like an aunt than an uncle."

After firing this shot he vanished in a cloud of blanket; and the skipper, hastliy bandoning a hastily formed resolve of first flaying him alive and then flinging him verbeard, sat down again and ilt his pipe. Once out of the river he came on deck again, and, ignoring, by a great effort, the smiles of the crew and the jibes of the mate, took command. The only alteration he made in his dress was to substitute his scu'wester for the bonnet, and in this guise he did his work, while the aggrieved Tcm-my hopped it in blankets. The three days my hopped it in blankets. The three days at sea passed like a horrid dream. So covetous was his gaze that the crew instinctively clutched their nether garments and looked to the buttoning of their coats as they passed him. He saw coats in the rainsail, and fashloned phantom trousers out of the flying jib, and, toward the end, began to babble of blue serges and mixed tweeds. Oblivious of fame, he had resolved to enter the harbor of Battlesea by night; but it was not to be. Near home the wind but it was not to be. Near home the wind

iropped, and the sun was well up before Battlesea came into view, a gray bank on Until within a mile of the harbor the skipper held on, and then his grasp on the wheel relaxed somewhat, and he looked round anxiously for the mate. "Where's Bob?" he shouted.
"He's very ill, sir," said Ted, shaking his

"Iil?" gasped the startled skipper. "Here, take the wheel a minute."

He handed it over, and then, grasping his skirts, went hastily below. The mate was half lying, half sitting in his bunk, groaning dismally.

"What's the matter?" inquired the skip-

per.
"I'm dying," said the mate. "I keep being tied up all in knots inside. I can't hold myself straight." The other cleared his throat. "You'd better take off your clothes and lie down a bit," he said, kindly. "Let me help ou off with them." "No-don't-trouble!" panted the mate.
"It ain't no trouble," said the skipper, in

a trembling voice.
"No, I'll keep 'em on," said the mate, faintly. "I've always had an idea I'd like to die in my clothes. It may be foolish, but I can't help it." "You'll have your wish some day, never fear, you infernal rascal!" shouted the over-wrought skipper. "You're shamming



He Dwelt on the Awful Punishments Awarded for Mutiny.

dwelt on the awful punishments awarded for mutiny and proved clearly that to al-low the master of a ship to enter port in petticoats was mutiny of the worst type. He then sent them below for their clothing. They were gone such a long time that it was palpable to the meanest intellect that they did not intend to bring it. Meantime

the harbor widened out before him.

There were two or three people on the quay as the Sarah Jane came within halling distance. By the time she had passed the lantern at the end of it there were two or three dozen and the numbers were stead-lly increasing at the rate of three persons for every five yards she made. Kind-hearted, humane men, anxious that their friends should not lose so great and cheap a treat, bribed small and reluctant boys with pennics to go in search of them, and by the time the schooner reached her berth a large proportion of the population of the port was looking over each other's shoulders and shouting foolish and hilarious in-quiries to the skipper. The news reached the owner, and he came hurrying down to the ship just as the skipper, regardless of the heated remonstrances of the sight-

seers, was preparing to go below.

Mr. Pearson was a stout man, and he came down exploding with wrath. Then he saw the apparition, and mirth overcame him. It became necessary for three stout fellows to act as buttresses, and the more indignant the skipper looked the harder their work became. Finally he was assisted, in a weak state, and laughing hys-terically, to the deck of the schooner, where he followed the skipper below, and, in a voice broken with emotion, demanded an explanation.

"It's the finest sight I ever saw in my life, Bross," he said, when the other had finished. "I wouldn't have missed it for arything. I've been feeling very low this week, and it's done me good. Don't talk nor sense about leaving the ship. I wouldn't lese you for anything after this, but if you like to try a fresh mate and crew you can please yourself. If you'll only come up to the house and let Mrs. Pearson see you— she's been ailing—I'll give you a couple of rounds. Now, get your bonnet and come.'
(The end.)

A Model Dialogue.

Stephen Leacock in Truth. In which is shown how the Drawing

Room Juggler may be permanently cured of his Card Trick The drawing room juggler, having slyly got hold of the pack of cards at the end of

the game of whist, says: "Ever see any card tricks? Here's rather good one; pick a card." "Thank you, I don't want a card."

"No, but just pick one, any one you like, and I'll tell which one you pick." "You'll tell who?" "No, no; I mean, I'll know which it is,

don't you see? Go on, now, pick a card.'
"Any one I like?"

'Any color at all?" "Any suit?"

"Oh, yes; do go on."
"Well, let me see, I'll-pick-the-ace of spades.' "Great Caesar! I mean you are to pull card out of the pack.' "Oh, to pull it out of the pack! Now I understand. Hand me the pack. All right.

I've got it.' "Have you picked one?"
"Yes, it's the three of hearts. Do you know it?" "Hang it! Don't tell me like that. You spoil the thing. Here, try again. Pick a

"All right, I've got it."
"Put it back in the pack. Thanks.
(Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle—flip)—There, is that it?" (triumphantly.)
"I don't know. I lost sight of it."
"Lost sight of it! Confound it, you have to look at it and see what it is."

to look at it and see what it is.' "Oh! You want me to look at the front of it." "Why, of course. Now, then, pick out a

card. "All right. I've picked it. Go ahead.' (Shufile, shuffle, shuffle, flip.) "Say, counfound you, did you put that card back in the pack?" "Why, no. I kept it."
"Holy Moses! Listen! Pick a card-just one-look at it-see what it is-then put it

back-do you understand?"
"Oh, perfectly. Only I don't see how yo are ever going to do it. You must be awful ly clever." (Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, flip.) "There you are—that's your card now, isn't it?"—(this is the supreme moment.)
"No; that is not my card." (This is a flat lie, but heaven will pardon you for it.) "Not that card! — nation! Say-just hold on a second. Here, now, watch what you're at this time. I can do this cursed thing mind you, every time. I've done it on fath er and mother and on every one that's ever come round our place. Pick a card! (Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, flip, bang.) There, that's

But won't you try it again? Please do. Perhaps you are a little excited-I'm afraid I was rather stupid. Won't you go and sit quietly by yourself on the back veranda for half an hour and then try? You have to go home? Oh, I'm so sorry. It must be such an awfully clever little trick. Good night!"

A Warning to Stout Persons. From the German Medical Weekly.

It seems to be clearly proved that we cannot make ourselves thin with impunity. cannot make ourselves thin with impunity. and for this reason its manufacturers have Nature creates the fat and the lean, and it a difficult strife with those of Vienaa. The is the part of wisdom for one and the other to resign themselves to their condition. But just here humanity seems to fail, and it is to be feared that the most serious di coveries, as well as the most dangerous adwertisements, will fail to prevent people who are too fat from making themselves thin, no matter how.

Why did not Prof. Eulenbourg, instead of

discovering the dangerous chemical proper-ties of the remedies for obesity, try to discover that opesity was graceful, and more beautiful than the opposite state? Upon this condition alone would his advice be heeded. And, after all, who can prove the aesthetic superiority of the thin over the of £584,000. fat? That's but a matter of fashion, the re-sult of a new taste, that may change from one year to another. Is it not time to henor the ancient ideal of fat beauty? Would it not prevent the disastrous effects

The Hygiene of the Face. From the Medical Press.

Apart from indigestion and constipationtwo potent factors in the ruin of a naturally healthy complexion—there are a variety of forms of mismanagement which conduct to blotchiness and pimply deformities. Among them must be ranked the practice of washing the face with hot water, a wide-spread form of self-indulgence in cold weather. The hot water, especially when reinforced by a coarse or unduly alkaline soap, removes an unduly large proportion of the natural fat of the skin, leaving it with a roughened surface which is very liable to exceriate or "chap," and requires more frequent washing to keep it clean cwing to its catching the dust.

Nothing probably does so much to age the skin as too frequently repeated ablutions with hot water, and this may explain why the dainty Frenchwoman prefers to smear off the grime with the corto blotchiness and pimply deformities plain why the dainty Frenchwoman pre-fers to smear off the grime with the cor-ner of a handkerchief steeped in liverine, knowing by experience that good, honest soap and water is, in the long run, detri-mental to the perservation of a youthful tkin.

sickness to make me take the ship into port!" "Why shouldn't you take her in?" asked the mate, with an air of innocent surprise. "It's your duty as cap'n. You'd better get up above now. The par is always shifting." The skipper, j regraining himself by a saighty effort, went on deck again, and taking the which, addressed the crew. He spoke feelingly of the obedience men owned their superior officers, and the moral obligation they were under to lend them their trousers when, they required them. He Allmamac

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Interesting Facts Concerning the Collection and Treatment of Them.

From the Philadelphia Times. As is well known, feathers, especially those of the ostrich, are used more from year to year as garniture for hats and dresses. The color scale of the Paris syndical chambre glitters in all the glaring colors of the rainbow, and a number of changeable tones were incorporated like- going to bed. The management of the bed wise all of which are applied to feathers. Vienna and Berlin strive with each other for the control of the ostrich feather market. The Vienna manufacturers are adepts in the art of imparting an excellent appected to prevail. Let us see if this is so. pearance to even the worst raw material. Even the so-called spadonnas, the hairy Englishman. He leaves in the winter a tips of the tail feathers of the young cstrich, which are of an inferior value, they ously furnished room, and he ascends understand how to beautify by dyeing and through a cold staircase to a room of which plating as if they were prime No. 1. By the temperature is not determined and is plating means the patching together of single pieces, to obtain a full first-class

ure."
The Berlin ware, however, is still honest, Berlin manufacturers thoroughly under-stand the bleaching, dyeing, steaming and curling of the feathers, and besides, they use a superior raw material. It is astonishing to read the quantity of ostrich feathers annually used in the civilized world. Newspaper articles sometimes speak in exalted terms of the rococo time, with its extensive use of feathers used by rich and noble ladies, but the total amount used at that time fades from view when compared to that used at present.

data of the six annual auction sales held

in London in 1894 show that in all of them

were disposed of 308,774 pounds, at a value

Boiled Water and Impurities. From the Philadelphia American.

It is generally believed that the most impure water can be rendered pure by boiling, and that in this we have an absolute safeguard against the dangers of water containing disease germs. Now, while it is true that boiling will kill the germs of disease, yet the fact has been brought to our notice by so high an authority as Dr. Charles M. Cresson that, while boiling kills the germs of a particular disease, it yet, than it was before, because, by the very death of these germs, dead organic matter is allowed to remain in the water, which t pollutes by putrefaction. Hence, while colling is a most excellent precaution against the occurrence of typhoid fever or similar diseases, when we have occasion to think the germs of these diseases exist in the water that we drink, yet we must re-member that this boiling does not purify the water; it simply removes from it the specific power to produce a specific disease.

Unaccounted For.

From the Detroit Free Press. "I understand that Dobson, the million aire, was once employed in a livery stable?" "So? That must have been where he got THE ART OF GOING TO BED.

London on the "Art of Living." He thinks

Ridiculous Practice in Otherwise Well-Ordered Households. From the Providence Journal. Mr. Ernest Hart, D. C. L., is lecturing in

that at the end of 5,000 years very few of us understand the elementary principles of comfort and health, and then treats what seems the not too complicated subject of room and the art of going to bed would seem to be very simple matters, as to which some rational principles and comfortable and healthy customs might be ex-Take the case of the ordinary well-to-do warm, well-lighted, and perhaps sumptuvery apt to be below 60 degrees. In how few of our homes are the passages and feather, and almost every feather, even the costliest, is plated. This applies principally to the feathers of Vienna "manufactual what is called self-indulgent, he will have the room warmed by a coal fire or a gas stove. This is, however, by no means a universal rule, and is frequently reserved only for the heads of the establishment of for what are called delicate people. The room is rarely well or conveniently lighted, and the fittings commonly are centuries behind our modern knowledge. It is only here and there that hot and cold water are laid on, or that the lighting can be without effort shifted from the dressing table to the bed head, and controlled from a convenient place near the bed. The a convenient place near the bed. The clothing is then removed, and the unhappy person then puts on something which is called a "nightgown," a sort of linen or cot-

> fortable and ridiculous object. It is the clothing of the primeval savage. If a ridiculous situation is needed for a farce it is commonly created by a night alarm same opinio at which the sleepers appear in this ridiculous guise at the bed room door. The bed is a ridiculous contrivance, hav-ing the worst of all coverings, linen sheets, the foster mothers of rheumatism, and the skin. To counterbalance its defects increase the miseries a heavy superabundant mass of blankets and qulits is imposed. and to prevent any comfortable or free movement of the limbs these are "tucked in" around the edges, constituting a hage set of swaddling clothes such as only savages now employ even for children. The fire now is generally allowed to become ex-tinct, if ever lighted, and those who have passed their days in warm rooms often spend the night in a chamber in which the temperature is not much above freezing point, and to mitigate which a complete reclothing of the body is required. The rea sonable practice would require, first, that for the present hideous and ridiculous nightgown pajamas of various degrees of warmth or thinness should be provided. The present bedstead and bed clothing should be altogether discarded, and two light elderdowns like the Indian resai or the Japanese fulon should be substituted. Night socks should be worn of a texture suited to the season. Near the couch should be provided a book shelf with the favorite books. For myself, I select old and well-known favorites, Montaigne, essays, Pepys' Diary, Brown's Religio Medi-

ton sack with sleeves, which leaves the

lower limbs and feet more or less uncover-ed, and at once makes a man an uncom-

. ci. Pickwick, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, a handy pocket Shakespeare and Milton, with Virgil, Homer and Horace. Everybody will make his own selection of well-known and well-worn, and therefore not too exciting, authors. The couch should be supplied with a convenient headrest, which falls forward at a teach Basel. be supplied with a convenient headrest, which falls forward at a touch. By the bed should be one lever which controls the gas, fire and temperature, and one which controls the light, either a Byepass bed light or an electric light, as may be most convenient. The room should be kept at a temperature which never falls below 60 degrees and in another part of it should degrees and in another part of it should be placed a long "deck chair," with cush-ions, to which, if the sleeper grows restless, he can easily transfer himself and repose at any angle. That is how to go to bed rationally, healthily, prepared for the emergencies of the night, whether of sleep-lessness or household accident.

From Temple Bar. It is a curious fact that Southey holds no place in the hearts of present lovers of poetry, yet in his lifetime no one was more honored than he. It may be that his personality, rather than his poems, attracted the admiration of his contemporaries. New, no one knows him. Who in the present generation has read "Thalaba," that "wild and wondrous song," or the that "wild and wondrous song," or the "Curse of Kehama," as wild, as strange, as fascinating? Why were these poems the delight of the age which saw their birth and are yet forgotten now? To me, who in my childhood lived upon them, this must

ever remain a mystery. They Only Differed in Opinion.

From the Philadelphia American. Paul Louis Courier, when bitterly assailed by a French professor, quietly remarked: "I fancy he must be vexed. He calls me Jacobin, rebel, plagiarist, thief, poisoner, forger, leper, madman, impostor, caluminator, libeler, a horrible, filthy, grimacing ragpicker. I gather what he wants to say. He means that he and I are not of the same opinion, and this is his only way of

Outbragged.

From the Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal. Aard Knox-"'Fevver I hit you once they won't be nothin' left but to ring fer de amb'lance.' Tuff Muggs—"Is dat so? See dat mitt?
Well, de autorities don't allow me to wear
gloves or de street, 'cause it would be a
case of carryin' concealed weapons."

Minnesota Whiskers. From Truth.

